EVELINE

an adaptation of the short story by James Joyce

by

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Published by HaveScripts

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Eveline

CHARACTERS:

Eveline: A twenty-two-year-old single woman.
Frank: Her boyfriend approximately twenty-eight years old.
Harry: **Eveline**'s brother, approximately twenty-nine years old.
Mr. Hill: **Eveline**'s father, in his early sixties.

THE SCENE: *The play takes place during the last decade of the nineteenth century in Dublin, Ireland. The action takes place in the front room or parlor. The furnishings have an air of frayed lower middle-class gentility. There is a sideboard against the main wall. Hanging over it is a large ornate crucifix.*

On the right wall there are some religious prints and a photograph of a nondescript priest. Up front are two or three stuffed chairs and a couch. The furnishings, in general, are of a somber hue. On the left wall is the front door or entrance. On either side of the door are small windows on which hang drab curtains. On the end of the main wall is an opening that leads up to the second floor. The time of day is early twilight on a dreary late autumn Saturday. On one of the chairs is a woman's dark overcoat. Mid-stage there are two suitcases.

AT RISE*: **Eveline** enters. She is dressed in street clothes that indicate her lower-middle-class status. She has a white envelope in her hand, walks over to the sideboard, and lays down the envelope. She looks closely at the sideboard.*

Evie: It's so dusty. I polished everything just yesterday. I wonder where all the dust comes from. It hangs like a pall over the house. Sometimes I think I'll be buried in it. *(She opens one of the drawers in the sideboard and pulls out a dust rag and vigorously dusts the top of the sideboard.)* That should do it. I want to leave the house neat and tidy.

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*(While **Evie** is dusting, we hear at first faintly and then more clearly someone from the outside whistling a sea shanty. Then there are a series of knocks on the door. **Evie** rushes to the door and opens it. **Frank**, a handsome young man in his late twenties, appears. He is wearing a navy blue pea coat.)*

Frank: (*Seeing the suitcases*.) Good, Evie, you're packed. We can get an early start. I've already booked tickets for the night ferry to Liverpool. We'll get there tomorrow and catch the boat to Buenos Aires. On our way to a new life, to our new home, away from Dublin.

Evie: Buenos Aires, that means "good airs," in Spanish, doesn't it? At last, no more dust to breathe in every day. How wonderful that will be.

Frank: (*Taking her coat from the chair*) Here, put on your coat. We can get something to eat. There's a good restaurant near the dock.

*(**Evie** goes to the chair on which her coat has been draped. She slowly starts to put it on and then hurriedly takes it off.)*

Evie: (*Plaintively)* Frank, I can't go now. I . . .

Frank: What do you mean? You haven't changed your mind, have you? Not after all we meant to each other? Not after all we planned--our future?

Evie: No. Yes. I mean I can't run off this way. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. (*Looking at the crucifix*) Dear God, is it a sin to fall in love? I have a right to happiness. . .

Frank: Not according to your father. He won't let go of you. His happiness comes first. Yours doesn't matter at all. *(**Evie** crosses to the sideboard and picks up the envelope. She rips it open.)*

Evie: Frank, I owe him something more than this. Just a letter telling him . . . I owe him . . .

Frank: You don't owe him anything. Especially not the rest of your life.

Evie: At least I could say goodbye to him face to face. Who knows? I may never see him again. Lately, he's looked so tired and old.

Frank: But you'll go with me, won't you? I couldn't leave without you.

Evie: (*Distressed*.) If I don't say goodbye to him, I'll always regret it. It was awful last night. I tried to fall asleep, but I kept asking myself whether going away

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with you was the right thing to do. Questions kept running through my mind until I fell asleep. And then I dreamed of Dad I . . . *(**Frank** crosses and holds her.)*

Frank: Evie, you're trembling.

Evie: I can't help it, Frank, the dream was so vivid and real.

Frank: Dreams are dreams . . .

Evie: (*Pulling away*) Maybe. Maybe not. I dreamed of my mother a week or two before she died. I was watching her. She was in her bedroom; she was so thin; the cancer was eating her up. The pain was so bad that she was muttering incoherently. I was so frightened I hid in the corner. My father came into the room without seeing me. His face was contorted and his eyes had a look of desperation. Staring at my mother, he said: "Die, woman, why don't you die, and get it over with?" Then he saw me and tried to smile. Outside, there was an organ grinder. Hearing the melody, my father shouted, "Damned Italians, go back to where you belong." He looked at me as if I was to blame for everything. He came at me with raised fists, liquor on his breath. I thought he would hit me, but he grabbed me tightly around the waist and kissed me. And I awoke terrified. If I don't say goodbye to him, I don't know what he will do. He might . . .

Frank: (*Embracing her*) Not with me to protect you.

Evie: I couldn't face a long drawn out scene with him--now that my mind's on Buenos Aires. I feel safe with you. I know we'll have a wonderful life together there, but . . .

Frank: But what?

Evie: (*Drifting off*.) I get so confused. Sometimes I think I'm doomed to stay in Dublin forever, right in this house where I've always lived with my father, my brothers and sister, and my blessed mother. Even the furniture is comforting like old, dependable friends. To escape seems almost impossible.

Frank: It's not impossible--not with my help, it isn't.

Evie: Isn't what? I wasn't paying attention. I get so lost in my thoughts.

Frank: It's just your nerves.

Evie: Oh, I wish it were tomorrow and we were aboard ship.

Frank: Don't worry. I'll stay with you. We'll face your father together. I'm not afraid of him.

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Evie: You know you can't stay with me. Dad would fly into a rage if he saw you. There's no way you and he could ever be civil, not after the arguments the two of you had.

Frank: It was his doing. He never gave me a chance to prove myself.

Evie: (*Anxious, but determined*) No, I have to face him by myself. It's between blood and blood--father and daughter.

*(Nervously, **Eveline** picks up a dust rag and begins to dust a portrait on the wall; she holds the portrait in her hands.)*

Frank: Put that rag down. You're not a servant. In Buenos Aires, you'll have a maid. I'll see you're treated with respect there.

Evie: (*Drifting again*) Like a fine lady--in Buenos Aires--escape from here. It's like a fairy tale.

Frank: (*Walking towards her and then gently embracing her*) Evie, Evie, fairy tales can come true. Look at me, an orphan boy; I've escaped.

Evie: (*Walking toward the mantle, she lifts the portrait in her hand*.) He escaped. This priest escaped.

Frank: Who is he?

Evie: I'm not sure. After all these years you'd think I'd know his name. When he and Dad. were young, they were good friends. When visitors came to the house, Dad. would tell them, "See this priest, an old friend, he's in Melbourne, now. In Australia.

Frank: You see? Melbourne is even farther from Dublin than Buenos Aires.

Evie: It's somewhere at the end of the world. And then there were the Waters - Timmy and Gretta. When we were children, we played in the fields together. <u>They</u> went back to England. They escaped.

Frank: See, it's possible to escape.

Evie: Yes. One way or another. There was my older brother, my favorite brother Ernest. He escaped, too. He died. Of consumption.

Frank: But that's not the only way.

Evie: No. But that's how my mother escaped, too. Only she went crazy, first. I guess that's another way out.

.**Frank**: But you have another way. You can escape with me . . .

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Evie: Yes, it's my turn...
Frank: (*Interrupting her*) To escape to life and happiness.
Evie: (*Changing her tone*) And live happily after like the characters in a play...
Frank: Or in an opera.
Evie: Like the characters in "The Bohemian Girl."
Frank: You'd never seen an opera before. I took you?
Evie: No. And that was a wonderful night. We had such good seats. So close to the stage that I could see the singers clearly and the music took me from Dublin to another world. But life isn't an opera.
Frank: It could be--away from your father--from pressing his trousers and dusting his house . . .
Evie: I don't know what comes over me, sometimes. I try to think of happiness, but then the thought bursts like a bubble. My nerves seem to play tricks on me. First, I'm happy; then I'm sad. First, I want to go; then I want to stay.
Frank: You're just tired. You haven't had a rest since your mother died. That was over four year ago. Since then, you've been little more than a slave . . .
Evie: I had to. I promised my mother on her deathbed.
.**Frank**: Promised what?
Evie: To keep the family together as long as possible. To take care of the younger children. Michael was only seven, and Ellen was six. What could I do? Who was there to help? Not Dad--his mourning was a constant drinking bout and my oldest brother Ernest had died.
Frank: What about your brother Harry?
Evie: He was just starting out in life and he traveled most of the time on business and was out of town for weeks on end. Even now I don't see much of him.
Frank: That's right! He escaped. He's works for a church decorating firm, doesn't he? Religious statues, drapes and . . .
Evie: (*Interrupting*) Other kinds of religious furnishings. Whenever he can, he sends money home to help with expenses, especially for the children. It's hard to make ends meet on my salary and Dad's little paycheck. That's been growing smaller ever since mother died.
Frank: I know you've had to worry about money. It won't be that way once we're married.
Evie: Oh, that would be wonderful.
Frank: (*Embracing **Evie***) Evie, you deserve everything I can give you—

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Evie: (*Pulling away from Frank*) I've written a letter to Harry explaining everything--what to tell my younger brother and sister... (*She starts crying.*) If only things could be different. If only I could have a clear conscience. If only you could be friends with my father or pretend to be friends.

Frank: You know that's only wishful thinking. How could we be friends after the way he treated me? Like scum--like the lowliest of the low. As soon as he found out I was courting you, he forbade you to see me. What did he call me? a common sailor with a lass in every port! Who is he, for Christ's sake?

Evie: (*Disturbed and crossing herself*) No cursing, please. After all, he is my father.

Frank: (*Almost oblivious*) And what lofty position does he have? He's a down-at-the-heels tea salesman and tea taster who likes stronger drink, himself.

Evie: Frank, he's done the best he can!

Frank: He pretends to be high and mighty by wearing a frayed silk hat and fancy gaiters. That's a fine sight. I'm as good as he, if not better. That old bastard.

Evie: Frank, please, he's my father.

Frank: (*A little too pompously*) If he were a good father, he'd be glad to welcome me into the family. I've come a long way in the world.

Evie: Maybe you were luckier than my father.

Frank: I made my own luck. I started as a deck boy at a pound a month on the Allen line going out to Canada. I've sailed through the Straits of Magellan and I've seen the ferocious Patagonians. A good father would be glad to welcome me into his family.

Evie: You can say what you want. He's not as bad as you make out.

Frank: (*Undaunted*) He never even let me tell him how I worked my way up and, after a few years, fell on my feet in Buenos Aires as a dispatcher for a prosperous steamship company. I've got good prospects for promotion. Who knows, I may even get to the top.

Evie: Frank, it doesn't matter whether or not father knows as long as I know. I'm proud of you.

Frank: He should be glad to have me as a son-in-law. It's hard to find husbands in Dublin. Too many men my age are out of work. You see them huddled together on the street corners. They have to help support their parents. They can't afford to be married. And for all their talk they seem gutless and are scared to leave Dublin. But Dublin's dying slowly day by day. It's a priest-

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ridden city ruled by the English. Who gets the good jobs? The Protestants. And the Catholics get the leavings. You don't want to stay in this hell hole, do you?

Evie: Not without you, Frank. I'd go anywhere with you. You're the first sweetheart I've ever had, but Dublin's all I've ever known . . .

Frank: That's why you need me. To show you something better. In Buenos Aires, a man can make something of himself.

Evie: (*Defensively*) But what about me? Maybe I have prospects here.

Frank: What prospects do you have in Dublin? Being an old maid and a shop girl and a slave to your father and a nursemaid to the family?

Evie: You don't think much of my life here, do you?

Frank: It's not that. You need a family of your own--our family. That's why I came back to Dublin for my vacation-- to look for a wife. No senoritas for me. I want a good Irish lass for my wife. I want you, Evie. Do you really want what you have here?

Evie: Not really. I don't want to be a shop girl for the rest of my life. I hate it at work. Won't my supervisor, Miss Gavan, be surprised not to see me again? My supervisor's always on my back, especially when the store's crowded and people are listening. Won't Miss Gavan be surprised when I don't show up?

Frank: I'd like to see her face.

Evie: (*Speaking in a haughty voice*.) "Miss Hill," she says, "Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting? Look lively, Miss Hill" and other such rubbish. Good riddance to her I say.

Frank: Your father may call it a city of sin, but in Buenos Aires, you'll stay at home and take care of me and our family. You won't have to answer to anyone. Not to me--not to Miss Gavan--and certainly not to your father.

Evie: No more arguments on Saturday nights. That's when Dad. is at his worst. (*She starts to laugh nervously*.) This will be the last Saturday night I'll have to face him. He's always a little tipsy; always arguing about money, though I give him my entire pay packet. Won't he be surprised? There will be no pay packet tonight. I told Miss Gavan that I couldn't come in today. I made up some excuse about a sick relative. I asked for my salary. She grinned and said, "Pick it up on Monday; you know the rules, Miss Hill."

Frank: You'll never have to see Miss Gavan again; you're free of her now. In Buenos Aires, you'll enter a shop like a lady and be waited on hand and foot.

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Evie: And I'll treat the salesladies with compassion and not look down on them and feel superior. I've been in their shoes and they'll never hear a cross word from me. I'll never send them on a merry chase or say "get me this" or "I don't like that" or "Haven't you any sense? This color doesn't suit me and this dress is not my style."

Frank: (*Embracing Evie*) That's the way to talk. I'd never do anything to hurt you. You'll be a new person once you're out of here.

Evie: Yes, I will. No more palpitations. And I'll no longer be terrified of . . .

Frank: Your father? You're afraid of him?

Evie: Lately I have been. He looks at me with a peculiar expression on his face. Even to think about it makes me shudder. Sometimes I'm afraid he'll hit me and then...

Frank: He hasn't laid a hand on you has he?

Evie: No!

Frank: He'd better not. In this city, a lot of drunken fathers beat their daughters.

Evie: He's never touched me. But when I was growing up, he'd go for my brothers and beat them.

Frank: Then let me stay with you. We'll face him together.

Evie: No. If I'm going to be free of this place, I have to face him alone.

Frank: When do you expect him?

Evie: Soon. *(There is a noise at the door.* ***Evie*** *runs to* ***Frank****.)*

Evie: (*Frightened*) What if it's father?

Frank: I'll take care of you.

*(****Harry****, a young man in his late twenties, enters.* ***Evie*** *kisses him.)*

Evie: Harry, I didn't expect you. Why didn't you write and tell us you were coming?

Harry: It was all so unexpected. I hadn't planned on coming but . . .

Evie: I'd like you to meet Frank. He's my . . . (*She hesitates*.)

Harry: (*Smiling*) Boyfriend?

Evie: Yes.

*(****Harry*** *and* ***Frank*** *shake hands.)*

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Harry: Isn't this a coincidence? You have a boyfriend. And I came home to tell you that I'm getting married.
Evie: (*Hugging him*) Married! Oh, Harry!
Harry: I met the most wonderful girl, Anne. I'll bring her over tomorrow to meet the family. I just left her at her cousin's house.
Evie: I'm so happy for you, Harry.
Harry: You'll love her.
Evie: I know I will. And I have wonderful news for you. Frank and I are . . .
Harry: Wait! Let me guess. Getting married?
Evie: Yes!

*(**Harry** picks her up and whirls her around.)*

Harry: Have you published your banns yet?
Evie: Not yet.
Harry: There's plenty of time for that.
Evie: I don't know. We're going to Buenos Aires. (*Pause*) Tomorrow.
Harry: (*Worried*) Oh? (*Pause*) I've heard about that place.
Frank: Don't worry. I'll take good care of Evie. She won't come to any harm.
Harry: But you're not married yet.
Evie: But we will be!
Frank: We would have had a wedding here in Dublin but your father—
Harry: Wouldn't hear of it?
Evie: You can imagine what he said . . .
Harry: (*Still apprehensive*) I know. God knows what he'll say about my own marriage. He wants to hold on to his children as long as he can. Someone has to pay for a pint when he's spent the last of his wages. Why do you think I wanted a job away from Dublin? To get away from him. You know, Evie, there's no love lost between Pa and me.
Evie: I know, but Ma wanted us to be a family.
Harry: She also wanted us to have our own families. Ma's dead and the rest of us have to go on living. Still, I hate to see you running off without . . .without . . .

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(Walking over to the chair on which she put her purse, ***Evie*** *opens her purse and takes out an envelope. Her voice quivers slightly.)*

Evie: I know. I worry about the two little ones. They're on a school retreat for the weekend. They'll be home tomorrow afternoon. Here's a letter I was going to mail to you explaining everything and what to tell the children. It's not much, but . . .

Harry: (*Reading the letter*) Don't worry. Anne and I'll take good care of them. After all, they're my sister and brother, too. It's time someone took over for you. I'm sure Anne won't mind. She'll treat them like her own.

Frank: (*Elated*) You see, Evie, everything is working out. Now you don't have to worry about the children. They'll have a good home.

Evie: But Dad.. What will happen to him?

Harry: He can look after himself for a change. You need to mind your own happiness.

Frank: That's what I've been telling her to do after the way your father has treated us.

Harry: I can imagine how he felt about Evie having a boyfriend. (*Pause, looking at* ***Frank***) You <u>will</u> marry her!

Frank: Of course, I will! As soon as we get away from here.

Harry: Sometimes, weddings can take time . . .

Frank: Not in Buenos Aires. I'm tired of asking Evie to sneak around corners just so she can see me, as if she were guilty of something. I told your Dad I intended to marry Evie, that I had a lovely home waiting for her in Buenos Aires, that I could very well afford to support her, but he turned a deaf ear.

Harry: (*More or less persuaded*) You and Evie must have had your hands full. Well, I'll leave everything up to Evie. (*He adds, pointedly*) She's a good girl. And that's the way she should be treated.

Frank: She'll be safe with me.

Harry: (*Looking at his pocket watch*) I hope so. I have to go now. I promised Anne I'd be back soon. (*Turning toward* ***Evie***) I just wish you weren't going so far away. I'd like you closer where I could help watch out for you. But all the happiness in the world to both of you. (*He kisses* ***Evie***.) And don't forget to write.

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Evie: (*Addressing **Harry***) And all the happiness to you and Anne. I wish I could be here for your wedding.

Harry: Don't worry. I'm sure Dad. will be, and drunker than usual. You take care, now.
Evie: I will.

*(**Harry** kisses **Evie** and exits.)*

Frank: Feeling better now your sure the children will be taken care of?
Evie: Yes, even though I'll never see Harry's wedding. Things seem to be working out so well that I can't believe it. Somehow it doesn't seem right.
Frank: You're just not used to being happy.
Evie: But there's still Dad. to deal with. I think you'd better go now.
Frank: *(Kissing her*) I'm not leaving you here with him.

*(Before **Frank** can finish the sentence the door opens and **Mr. Hill**, a man in his sixties, appears. He is wearing a frayed silk hat and fancy gaiters. It is obvious from his speech and his walk that he is slightly inebriated.)*

Mr. Hill: (*Looking at **Frank** and walking towards him menacingly.)* Get out. I told you not to see my daughter, but I knew you'd sneak behind my back. As soon as I met you, I knew you weren't trustworthy and had the manners of a common sailor. What effrontery coming to my house while I'm away. You . . .
Evie: Dad.!
Mr. Hill: (*Seeing the suitcases*) What's this? The nerve. Are you planning to move in? (*He looks at **Evie** and grabs her tightly*) And you, you. Have you lost your senses, letting him in, bag and baggage?
Evie: (*Nervously*) Those are my suitcases. I'm leaving tonight with Frank. We're going to Buenos Aires.
Mr. Hill: (*In a slurred voice*) Buenos Aires. Buenos Aires. (*Rushing toward **Frank***) Buenos Aires is known for its bawdy houses and fancy women. Evie's going nowhere. Get out. *(**Frank** and **Mr. Hill** begin to grapple.)*
Evie: (*Crossing herself and looking at the crucifix*) Dear God, stop this. He'll l hurt my father. Frank! Please go. Please go now.

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Frank: I'll go. but I'll be back for you in a half hour.

Mr. Hill: (*Shaking his fist at **Frank***.) The hell with you and good riddance. A man's home is his castle, you scoundrel.

Frank: (*As he opens the door, he turns to Mr. Hill.*) If you were younger and sober, I'd make you eat those words.

*(Once **Frank** leaves, **Eveline** moves to the side of the stage. Her father sidles up to her and shakes his fist in her face.)*

Mr. Hill: So, lassie, you're going to Buenos Aires with that swine? To hell, that's where you're going, to hell, to burn forever. You're a disgrace to your father and mother. That's what you are and it pains me to say it.

Evie: Stop it. I won't listen. I love Frank. He'll be good to me.

Mr. Hill: Good? By all the saints in heaven, he's the devil incarnate. If he were good, he'd marry you in Dublin in a proper church wedding with the blessings of a priest and your family.

Evie: A marriage in Dublin. You'd never consent to it. You hated Frank the first time you saw him. We had to hide in alleyways as if we were guilty of something . . .

Mr. Hill: You <u>were</u> guilty--guilty of disobeying your father. It's a father's duty to watch out for his children. The world isn't always what it seems. A lot of girls have been taken in by a handsome face and a smooth talker. Even the devil can cite scriptures. An innocent, young girl like you needs her Dad. to keep her on the straight and narrow.

Evie: But Frank is honest. He wouldn't lie to me.

Mr. Hill: (*Sarcastically*) Oh, of course not. Not a “gentleman” like him. What do you know about him except what he's told you?

Evie: He’s an orphan.

Mr. Hill: Have you met any of his other family?

Evie: The aunt and uncle who raised him are dead.

Mr. Hill: How convenient. So you really don’t know who he is. You have no proof . . .

Evie: He loves me and I love him. That's the only proof I need.

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Mr. Hill: (*Persisting in his onslaught*) What about his friends? He must have introduced you to some of them--even to one. Surely, someone in Dublin knows him?

Evie: (*Defensively and shakily*) He had school friends. But he never kept up with them. He's been at sea since he was a young boy and in Buenos Aires he . . .

Mr. Hill: Buenos Aires? How do you know he's even been in Buenos Aires? You're still a child. You believe in fairy tales. How can you take a stranger's word as truth and refuse to listen to your father? He'll abandon you in Buenos Aires or you'll end up living in a fancy bordello. Child, everyone knows that Buenos Aires is a den of iniquity, everyone except you.

Evie: You're just trying to frighten me. I'm leaving tonight.

Mr. Hill: Leaving? Tonight?

Evie: That's what I wanted to tell you. I was going to leave you a letter, but I just couldn't do that to you . .

.**Mr. Hill**: You're taking leave of your senses; that's what you're doing. A good Catholic girl running off and bringing shame on herself and her father. And what will I tell your little sister and brother? That their sister has gone mad?

Evie: I've taken care of that. They'll move in with Harry. He . . .

Mr. Hill: (*Interrupting her and changing his tone. He becomes more sympathetic here*.) And what will I tell our friend and the people I work with? That you lost your mind over a man? The first man who came your way? Evie, you have nothing to worry about. In time, you'll find a husband, a decent and upright man who'll love you and provide for you when I'm no longer here. A pretty girl like you doesn't have to worry. And you'll be a good catch. You know how to run a house, cook and clean, take care of children. Why any young man would be a grateful for such a capable wife.

Evie: (*Surprised*) Pretty? You never called me pretty before.

Mr. Hill: Oh, yes, pretty. Yes, I guess you are. There are a lot of things I never said, Evie. But I felt them deeply.

Evie: If you thought I was pretty, you could have said so.

Mr. Hill: (*Making it up as he goes along*) I'm a hard man. Words don't come easy to me.

Evie: (*Not convinced*) You could have tried.

Mr. Hill: I thought calling you pretty would turn your head. But you are pretty, darling. You're the image of your ma.

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Evie: And capable? You always criticized me and treated me like a child. You never trusted me with my own money. You said that I squandered my money and your money too.

Mr. Hill: I was watching out for you. I didn't want you spending your salary on trash. It's a father's duty to teach his children good habits, darling. I had to be strict sometimes. I had to be both your father and your mother. And don't think it was easy, darling. When Ma died, my right hand left me. I never told you, but I loved your mother dearly.

Evie: But the fights you had with her, the constant bickering.

Mr. Hill: (*Defensively*) You were a child then. You didn't understand. They were only spats. But we stayed together and that's real love.

Evie: It was hard for me to see it. *(**Mr. Hill** becomes more maudlin as the liquor starts to take effect.)*

Mr. Hill: I truly loved your mother. After her death, I grieved for her for months so much so that I couldn't sleep. The idea of entering that empty bed tore my heart. I was so alone. What kept me going was my family and my faith. Without a family, I would have gone under. I would have had nothing to live for. Without my faith, I would have taken my life.

Evie: (*Moved, in spite of herself*) But, Dad., you never said anything.

Mr. Hill: (*He comes close to overdoing it*.) I never wanted to burden you, lassie. I suffered in silence for my children's sake and that's what I thought your ma would have wanted me to do. She would have wanted me to carry on and shoulder my burden quietly.

Evie: (*Starting to be moved by him*.) But you should have said something to me. I could have helped.

Mr. Hill: You can still help. Stay with the children and stay with me. You won't be sorry. You'll be doing your duty; you'll look in the mirror without feeling guilty. God will reward you. Remember the promise you made to your mother on her deathbed.

Evie: But Ma was so sick. She was practically out of her mind at the end and talking gibberish.

Mr. Hill: Not when she made you promise to stay with the young ones.

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